

CURTIS  
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# GUNS

## AGAINST GANGSTERS

AGAINST  
GANGSTERS

10¢



VOL. 1 - NO. 1



SEPT.-OCT 48

starring  
**TONI  
GAYLE**  
.....





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



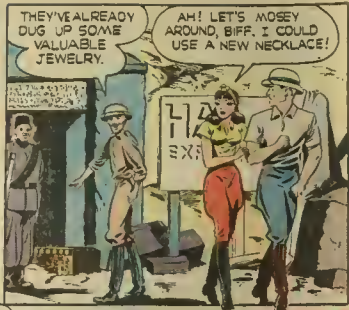
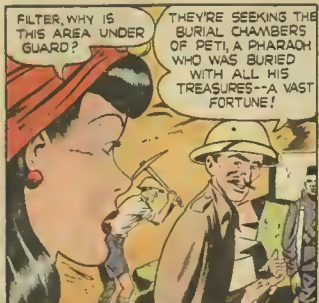
# TONI GAYLE

**T**HE ANCIENT PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT  
MAKE A STRIKING BACKDROP  
FOR FASHION PHOTOS OF THE  
BUSY MODEL--AND FOR  
THE STRANGE  
"CASE OF THE  
SACRED  
COBRA".

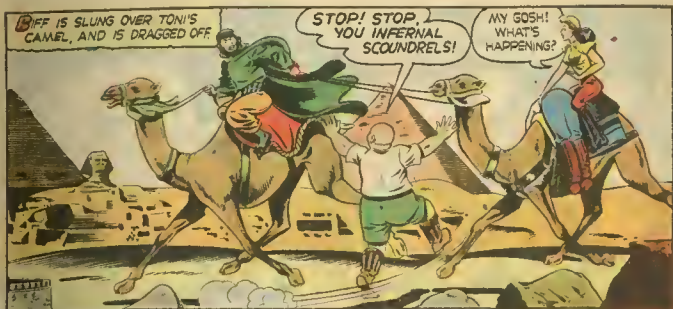


Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

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The next issue of this magazine will go on sale September 15 — Don't miss it.



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

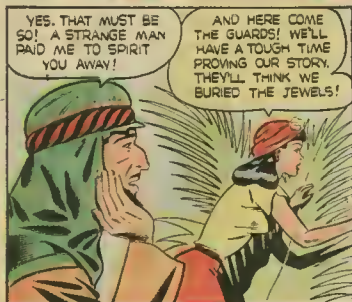


NOPE! HE  
AIN'T  
GOT 'EM!

I THOUGHT NOT. WE'RE JUST  
BEING USED AS DECOYS!



THE REAL CROOK MUST BE BACK AT  
THE PYRAMIDS! WHILE THE GUARDS  
CHASE US, HE CAN ESCAPE WITH  
THE LOOT!



YES. THAT MUST BE  
SO! A STRANGE MAN  
PAID ME TO SPIRIT  
YOU AWAY!

AND HERE COME  
THE GUARDS! WE'LL  
HAVE A TOUGH TIME  
PROVING OUR STORY.  
THEY'LL THINK WE  
BURIED THE JEWELS!



MEANWHILE THE CROOK WILL ESCAPE,  
MAYBE! BIFF, GET ME OUR FRIEND'S  
BURNOOSE! YOU'RE GOING TO CONTINUE  
THE CHASE WITHOUT ME!



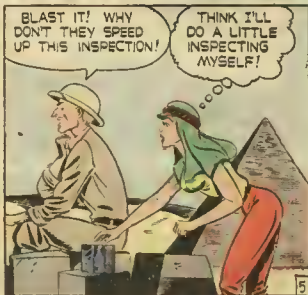
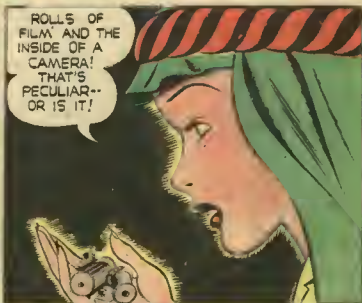
GIVE A GOOD CHASE,  
BIFF!

THERE THEY  
GO!

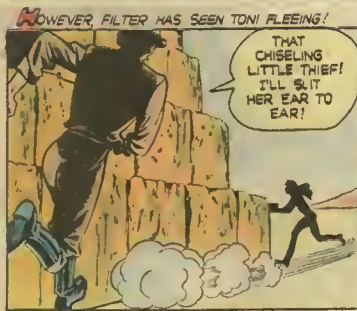


NOW TO RETURN TO THE  
PYRAMIDS AND FIND THE CROOK!

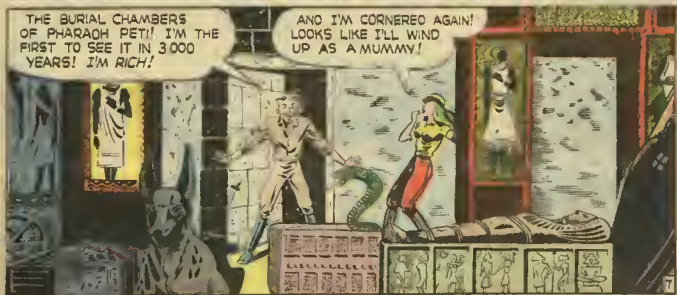
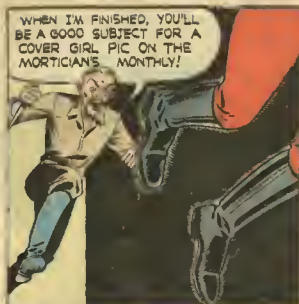




Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."







Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

IN HIS GREED, FILTER FORGETS TONI!

THE CHEST  
MUST HOLD THE  
ROYAL JEWELS!



A CUNNING TRAP GUARDS THE TREASURE,  
--A MODEL OF THE COBRA WITH POISONED  
FANGS!

HA! IT ISN'T  
EVEN LOCKED!  
I--AAAGH!



HE--HE'S  
DEAD!



LATER... I TRIED  
ME BEST,  
TONI, BUT DEY GOT  
ME! GUESS WE GO  
TO THE HOOSEGOW!

NONSENSE!

MISS GAYLE SOLVED  
THE CRIME! SHE ALSO  
DESERVES A REWARD  
FOR FINDING  
PETI'S CHAMBERS!

CHEE!



THE GOVERNMENT HAS  
TITLE TO ALL THE  
TREASURES BUT HAS  
AGREED TO BESTOW  
ON YOU PART OF  
IT--A BEAUTIFUL  
NECKLACE!

A  
NECKLACE!  
JUST WHAT  
I WANTED!

IT IS A  
GOLDEN,  
SACRED  
COBRA!

GULP! WHY, UH--  
THANKS A  
MILLION, OR AT  
LEAST A THOUSAND!

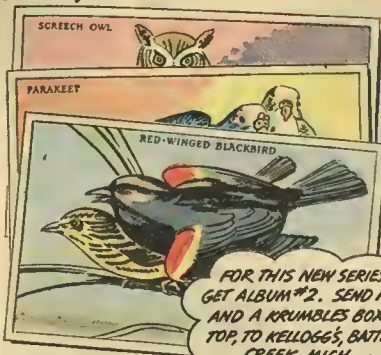
UGH! SOON AS  
I GET HOME THIS  
FIENDISH LITTLE  
OBJECT GOES ON  
SALE!



Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



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CREEK, MICH.**

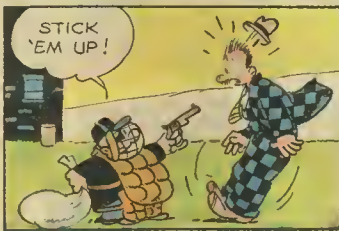
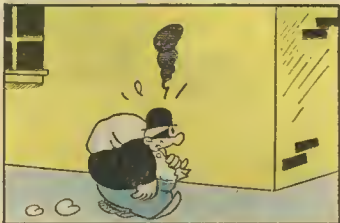
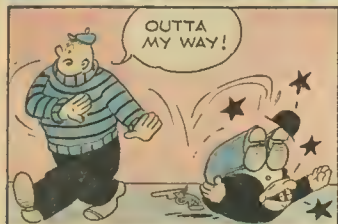
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# BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY FRT HELFANT



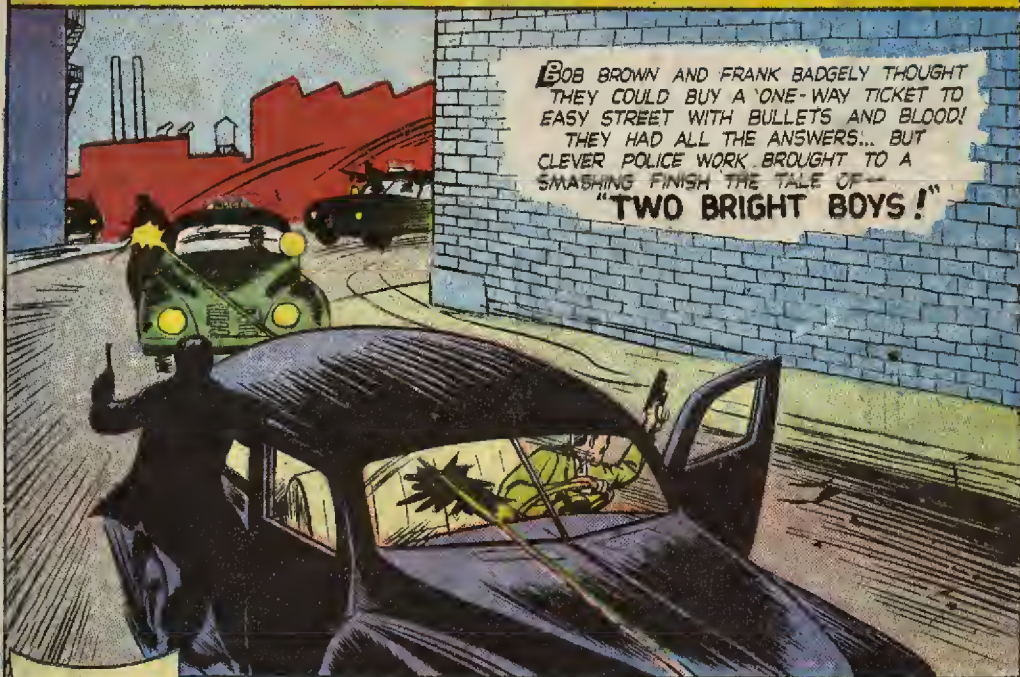
GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS



*True!*

# LIVES OF CRIME

BRING DOOM  
TO  
CRIMINALS.



BOB BROWN AND FRANK BADGELY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY A 'ONE-WAY TICKET TO EASY STREET WITH BULLETS AND BLOOD! THEY HAD ALL THE ANSWERS... BUT CLEVER POLICE WORK BROUGHT TO A SMASHING FINISH THE TALE OF--  
**"TWO BRIGHT BOYS!"**

IN CHICAGO, AS THE YEAR  
EBBED....

**I**N 1946,  
THIS GUN  
DUO RAMPAGED  
THROUGH  
THE MIDWEST,  
STEALING  
CARS AND  
PULLING  
STICKUPS!



**B**BROWN, RELAXING AT A DANCE HALL, MET LILK.

YOU'RE JUST  
MY SPEED, LIL.

MAYBE NOT, BRIGHT BOY...  
I LIKE EXPENSIVE THINGS  
LIKE MINK COATS--



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like **"GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."**

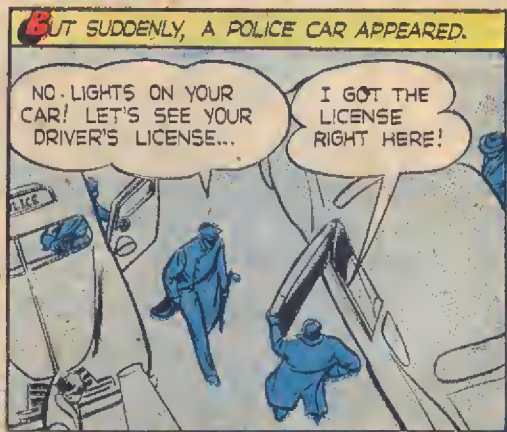
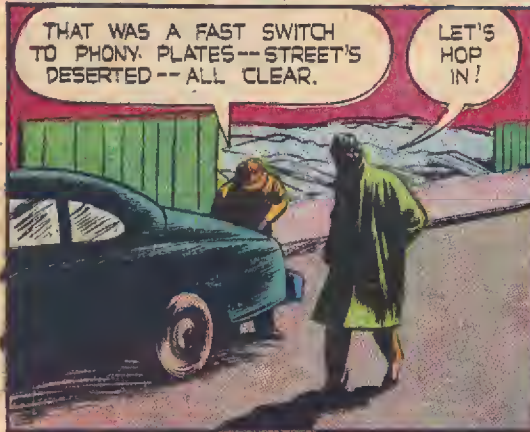


Then, AFTER A ROUND OF PLEASURE...

LET'S GET GOING AGAIN.  
WE NEED MORE DOUGH!

YEAH, BUT  
LET'S PICK A  
SUBURB WE AIN'T  
DONE BEFORE.

IN JANUARY 1947,  
THE BRAZEN PAIR WENT  
TO HAMMOND, INDIANA.  
BADGELY BUNKED WITH  
FRIENDS WHILE BROWN  
FOUND A ROOM ELSEWHERE,  
AND TWO NIGHTS  
LATER THEY RESUMED  
THEIR LIFE OF CRIME BY  
STEALING A CAR!





OFFICER RUDOLPH MAMALA, STILL CONSCIOUS,  
KEPT A TIGHT GRIP ON BADGELY'S COAT!

RUN! CAR'S TOO  
HOT NOW. WE'LL  
DITCH IT!

I AIN'T  
STOPPIN'!



LUCKY THING THERE  
AIN'T NO IDENTIFICATION  
MARKS ON MY COAT  
THAT COP GOT NOTHIN'  
ON ME

THEY'LL BE  
LOOKIN' FOR  
TWO GUYS. WE  
SPLIT UP  
HA-- I WON'T  
BE LONESOME  
LIL'S COMIN'  
TOMORROW



**B**UT UNDER VIOLET  
RAYS IN THE POLICE  
LABORATORY, A  
CLEANING MARK SHOWED  
UP IN THE COAT!  
MAMALA AND  
DETECTIVES, ARMED  
WITH PHOTOS OF THE  
MARK, BEGAN A  
RELENTLESS INQUIRY  
OF THE TAILOR SHOPS,  
AND FINALLY  
STRUCK PAY-DIRT.

THAT'S MY  
MARK! I REMEMBER  
THE MAN WHO  
BROUGHT IN THE  
COAT THREE DAYS  
AGO! HE WANTED  
A RUSH JOB  
OVERNIGHT.

I DIDN'T  
GET MUCH  
OF A LOOK  
AT HIM,  
BUT YOUR  
ADDED  
DESCRIPTION  
WILL HELP!



**B**ADGELY'S DESCRIPTION WAS  
CIRCULATED THROUGH THE DISTRICT,  
AND HE WAS SOON TRACKED DOWN.

YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST! WE'RE  
TAKING YOU  
DOWN!

FOR WHAT?  
I AIN'T DONE  
NOTHIN'!



I WASN'T ON ANY MURDER SCENE NIGHT  
BEFORE LAST! AND I DIDN'T HAVE MY COAT  
THEN! I LOST IT DURING  
THE DAY!



**W**HILE BADGELY STUCK TO HIS "INNOCENCE" STORY--

--IN BROWN'S HIDE-OUT...

IF HE BREAKS, EVERY  
COP IN THE COUNTRY'LL BE  
AFTER ME. ALIBI HIM, LIL.  
USE A HUSBAND ANGLE. YOU  
GOT A HUSBAND.

YEAH, A GUY  
I HARDLY EVER  
SEE-- BUT MMM...



Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS...

BAGGELY WAS WITH ME THAT NIGHT. HE'S KEPT QUIET BECAUSE I'M MARRIED. MY HUSBAND'S VERY JEALOUS, BUT I CAN'T SIT BY AND LET AN INNOCENT MAN BE HELD!

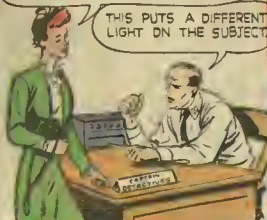
THIS PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

WELL, THEY LET ME GO. NOBLE OF YOU TO STEP IN, LIL. HOPE YOUR HUSBAND DON'T KILL YOU.

THEY SAID THEY'D KEEP MY NAME OUT OF THE PAPERS.

That NIGHT--ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

WE'LL STICK UP THE ROAD-HOUSE AND BLOW WEST. LIL'S WAITIN' IN THE CAR I COPPED.



BUT SUDDENLY...

REACH!

DON'T TRY BLASTING! YOU'RE SURROUNDED AND WELL OUTNUMBERED!

COPS!

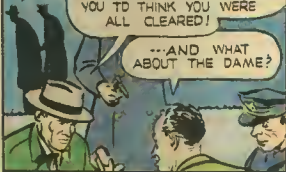


THIS TIME THE KILLERS KNEW THERE WAS NO WAY OUT!

HOW'D YOU TRACK US?

OUR MEN HAVE BEEN TRAILING YOU AND THE WOMAN SINCE YOU LEFT HEADQUARTERS. WE WANTED YOU TO THINK YOU WERE ALL CLEARED!

---AND WHAT ABOUT THE DAME?



AS FOR LIL--AS SOON AS SHE SAW THE POLICE CLOSING IN SHE TRIED TO SPEED AWAY, LOST CONTROL OF HER CAR--AND CRASHED TO HER DEATH!



THEN, IN NOVEMBER 1947--

THE DEATH SENTENCE! THE CHAIR! (SOB) I DON'T WANNA DIE!

I'M INNOCENT! BROWN DID THE KILLIN'!

YOU'RE JUST AS GUILTY AS IF YOU HELD THE GUN! YOU BOTH GET YOUR JUST DESERTS! THE GUILTY MUST PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES!



GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS





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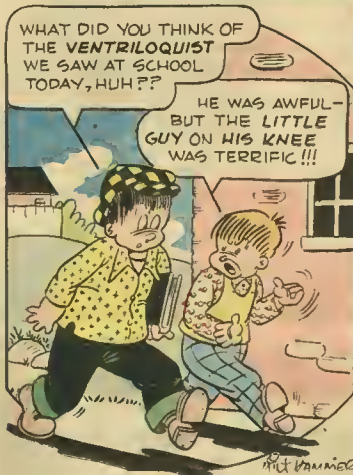
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IF it weren't ungrateful to look a gift horse in the mouth, Private Detective Greg Mason might have complained. Police Chief Murphy was treating Greg to a ringside seat at the wrestling bouts, but the main event, so eagerly anticipated, was proving magnificently dull.

At this moment the challenger, Irish Danny Ryan, was applying an excruciating toe-hold to his opponent, the champ, who, billed as the Masked Marvel, was attired in crimson trunks and a mask to match.

It looked as though the wise-money boys were going to take a beating tonight. They had the masked champion a heavy favorite and he was proving unequal to his foe. Greg caught sight of Toledo Tony, a notorious gambler, chewing furiously on the fast-disappearing end of a cigar as Ryan continued to wear out the champ with a succession of holds and twists. Wonderful

winners, these racketeers immediately developed ulcers with the possibility of a loss.

As the one-sided match progressed, Greg's interest continued to wane. It wasn't long, however, before the coup de grace was accomplished, and with a precision that made the crowd roar approval. The Masked Marvel had, in a last desperate effort, just squeezed out of a powerful half-nelson when Ryan seized him by the waist and, raising him aloft, whirled him about in a terrible airplane-spin. Round and round went the glistening body until the crowd itself seemed to grow dizzy with the motion. Then, with an abruptness that made Greg's blood chill, Ryan halted the circular motion, and viciously slammed the Masked Marvel to the mat. Ryan made it official by quickly pinning The Champ's shoulders to the canvas.

As they waited for the crowd to thin out, Greg watched the defeated ex-champion half car-

ried to his dressing room by Crowlev, his manager, and a trainer. A few minutes later he saw Toledo Tony make his way up the same aisle. If by any chance the bout had been fixed, Tony must have been left holding the bag.

Suddenly, the door of the dressing room which Toledo Tony had entered a few moments before was flung open, and a policeman emerged. He came straight to Chief Murphy. "Chief," he said excitedly, "the Masked Marvel—he's dead!"

Seconds later Greg and the Chief stood over the inert form of the now unmasked wrestler. The dead ex-champ was stretched out on a rubdown table, clad only in a pair of blue trunks. A doctor was bent over him. Greg's eye searched the room. He recognized the battered features of Tuffy Travers, one of the Masked Marvel's sparring partners. Tuffy's face, strangely enough, was glowing and his right eye was

freshly bruised. Hank Crowley, head bowed, stood by, a sponge still in his hand.

"How did it happen?" Chief Murphy barked at Crowley. Slowly Crowley raised his head.

"I knew when we carried him from the ring that something was wrong," he replied. "He seemed to be in a semi-coma and it got worse when we brought him in here. I was scared, so I sent Kelly, the trainer, for a doctor."

"Were you with him every minute until the doctor came?" asked Chief Murphy.

"No," Crowley replied, "I stepped out to get some smelling salts from my locker. I was gone only a moment."

The doctor, completing his examination, reported that the wrestler had died from a brain concussion, probably incurred when he was thrown to the canvas. Just then there was a clamor of voices outside the door and Toledo Tony was brought in, squirming in the grip of one of Chief Murphy's boys.

"I found this character trying to duck out a side exit," the policeman explained. Toledo Tony looked as though he

was about to explode.

"Say," ejaculated Murphy, "we saw you come in here just about the time that Crowley must have gone for the smelling salts. If this Marvel fellow was in a coma, you could easily have finished him off and I'll bet that you had plenty of reason for wanting to."

Greg reflected that this was probably quite true. Tony at the ringside had certainly given every indication that he was losing heavily. However, the detective had another idea that he wanted to investigate. Without waiting to hear Tony's indignant protests, Greg slipped through the door to the locker room.

Locating the locker bearing Crowley's name, Greg tried the door and found it unlocked. There was nothing unusual inside except the bottle of smelling salts to which Crowley had just referred. Greg opened the next locker, that of Tuffy Travers, and stopped short. That was it! He seized something from the compartment and, drawing his gun, hurried back to the dressing room.

"Okay, Travers and Crowley," said Greg as he re-entered, "put up your hands!"

Greg brought his other hand from behind his back. In it, he held a pair of crimson wrestling trunks!

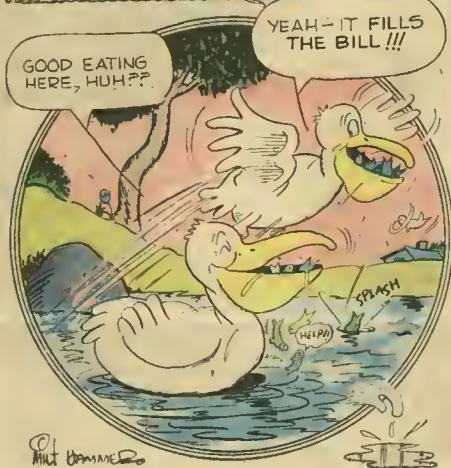
"The man on the dressing table," explained Greg, "is wearing blue trunks. You'll remember that the Masked Marvel wore red ones. Therefore the dead man could not have wrestled tonight. Those red trunks which I found in Travers's locker are still wet with perspiration and Tuffy is sporting some fresh bruises.

"It's pretty clear what happened. These two bet heavily against the Masked Marvel, sure they could convince him to throw the match. When he refused, they killed him with a blow on the head.

"They then conceived of a brilliant plan. If Travers put on the mask and took the place of the Masked Marvel for tonight's bout, nobody would be the wiser, and the real champ's death would appear to be a result of the match. Also, they could still clean up on their bets.

"They might have gotten away with it, too, if they hadn't been so color-blind!"





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Send Your Name Two Tags 50¢  
Address and  
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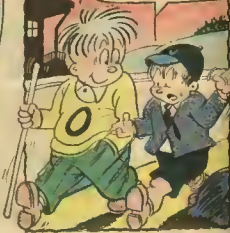
HALF THE PAGES IN  
THIS BOOK ARE MISSING!

SO WHAT? HALF  
A MILLION ISN'T  
TO BE SNEEZED AT!



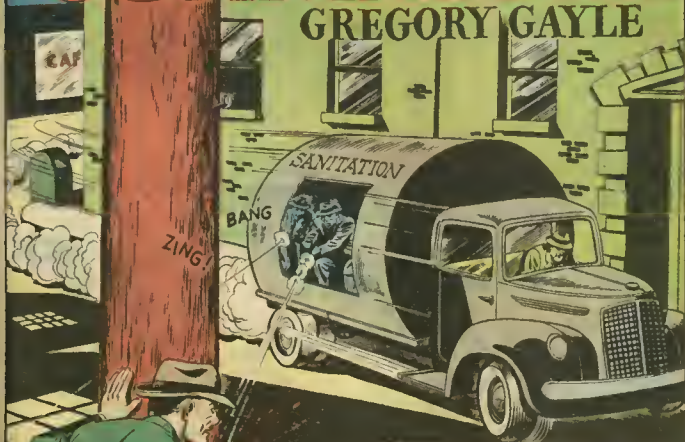
SIX AND FOUR  
ARE TEN!!

G'WAN, HOW  
COULD IT BE-  
WHEN FIVE 'N'  
FIVE ARE TEN?



# THE GUNMASTER

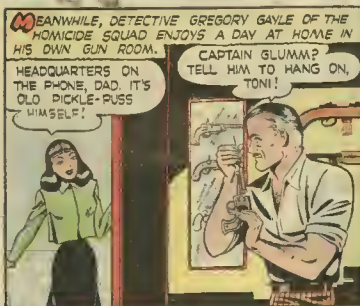
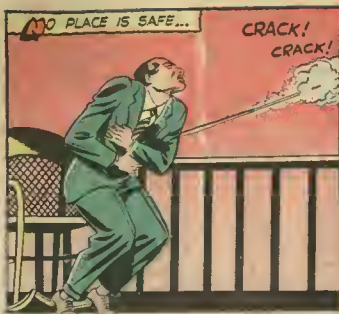
GREGORY GAYLE



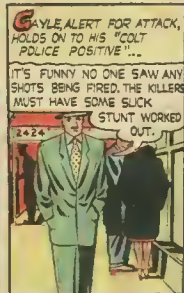
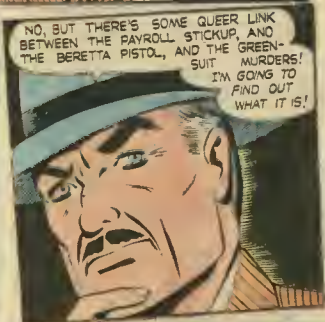
TONI GAYLE'S FATHER, GREGORY, IS FAMOUS FOR HIS VAST COLLECTION OF FIREARMS. SEE HIM USE HIS GUNS IN SOLVING "THE GREEN-SUIT MURDERS"!



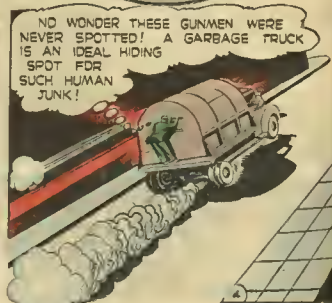
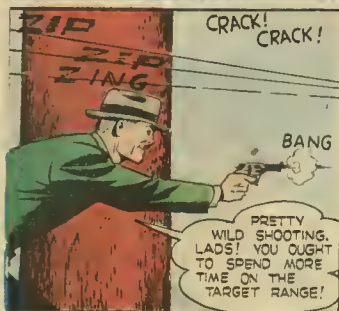
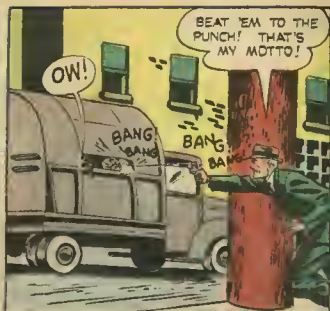
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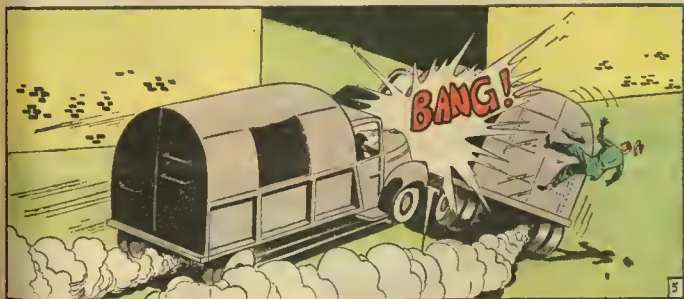
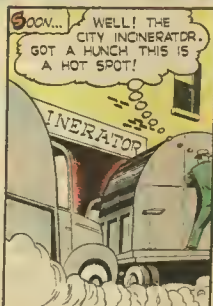
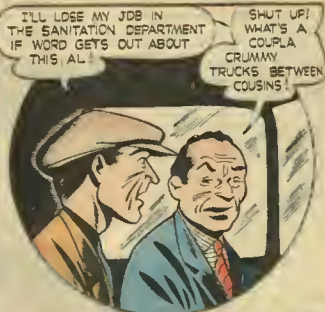
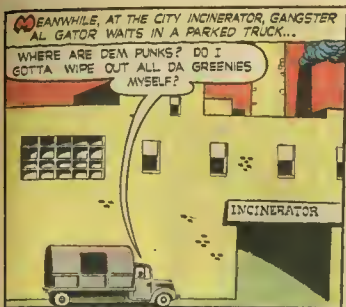






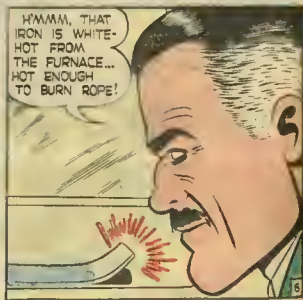
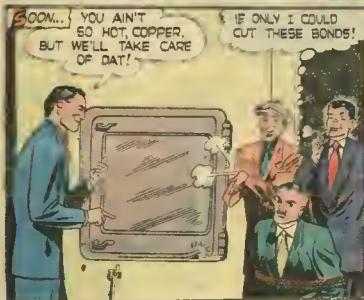
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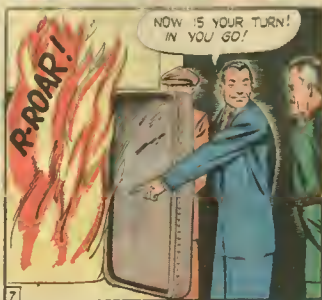
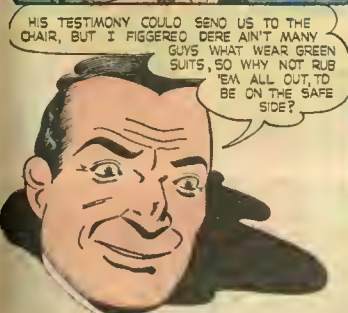
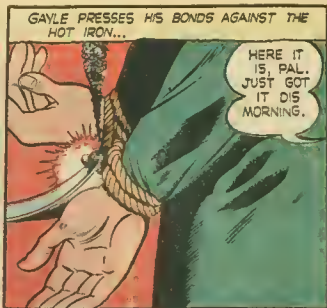
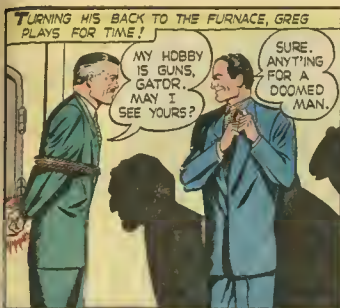




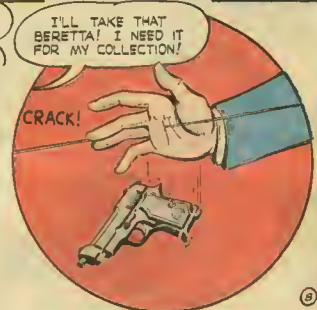
No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."





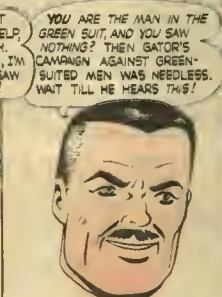
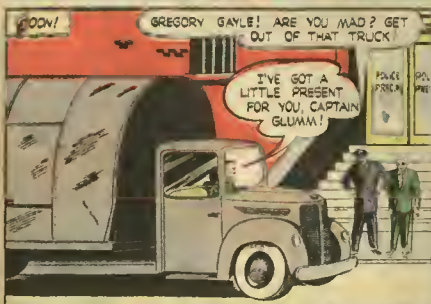


Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



## GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS





No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

THE STORY BEHIND THE ITALIAN

# BERETTA

IS ONE OF ACHIEVEMENT IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT.

IN THE YEAR 1934, MUSSOLINI AND THE ITALIAN ARMY WERE CONVINCING THEMSELVES OF THEIR INVINCIBILITY WHEN THEY INTRODUCED THE SURPRISINGLY FINE SEMI-AUTOMATIC BERETTA PISTOL.

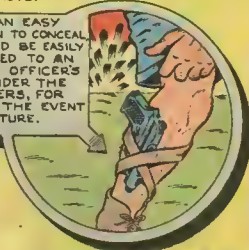


BERETTA

BY  
HARRY  
LAZARUS

THE 9MM CALIBER BERETTA PISTOL IS POCKET-SIZE, IT IS ONLY SIX INCHES LONG AND WEIGHS BUT 23½ OUNCES, YET HOLDS SEVEN SHOTS.

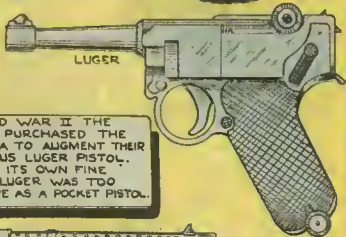
BEING AN EASY WEAPON TO CONCEAL, IT COULD BE EASILY STRAPPED TO AN ITALIAN OFFICER'S LEG, UNDER THE TROUSERS, FOR USE IN THE EVENT OF CAPTURE.



EVEN GUNS ARE BORN OF NECESSITY AND THE BERETTA IS NO EXCEPTION. IT WAS INVENTED BECAUSE OF THE INFERIORITY OF ITS PREDECESSOR, THE GLISENTI PISTOL, SHOWN HERE.



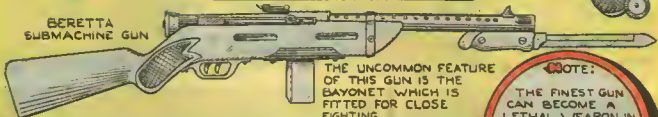
GLISENTI



LUGER

DURING WORLD WAR II THE GERMAN ARMY PURCHASED THE ITALIAN BERETTA TO AUGMENT THEIR ALREADY FAMOUS LUGER PISTOL. FOR IN SPITE OF ITS OWN FINE QUALITIES THE LUGER WAS TOO HEAVY TO SERVE AS A POCKET PISTOL.

BERETTA  
SUBMACHINE GUN



THE UNCOMMON FEATURE OF THIS GUN IS THE BAYONET WHICH IS FITTED FOR CLOSE FIGHTING.

IN 1938 THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BERETTA SUBMACHINE GUN BROUGHT GREAT HOPE TO THE ITALIAN ARMIES. HOWEVER THE OVERWHELMING POWER OF THE ALLIED ARMS AND MEN WERE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE AXIS FORCES. IN SPITE OF SUCH AN ACHIEVEMENT AS THE BERETTA, THE ITALIAN ARMY WENT DOWN TO DEFEAT ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF WORLD WAR II.

NOTE:

THE FINEST GUN CAN BECOME A LETHAL WEAPON IN THE WRONG HANDS. THEREFORE, NONE BUT THE EXPERIENCED SHOULD HANDLE THEM.

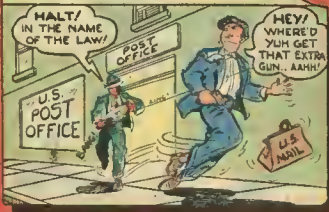
THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SHOULDER

# HOLSTER

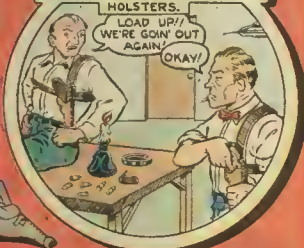
HAS BEEN A GREAT HELP TO THE LAW IN PUTTING DOWN THE LAWLESS.

THE F.B.I. AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE LAW HAVE COME TO DEPEND UPON THE SHOULDER HOLSTER AS A MEANS OF EFFICIENTLY CONCEALING THEIR WEAPONS, FOR USE IN EMERGENCIES.

BY  
HARRY  
LAZARUS



IN 1920 THE UNITED STATES EMBARKED UPON A PERIOD KNOWN AS THE "ROARING '20'S", WHICH LASTED FOR ALMOST 10 YEARS, IT WAS SO-CALLED LARGELY BECAUSE OF THE TERRORISM THE UNDERWORLD SPREAD THROUGH THE NATION. IT WAS A COMMON PRACTICE AMONGST THESE RUTHLESS MEN TO CARRY THEIR WEAPONS IN SHOULDER HOLSTERS.



BUT THE F.B.I. AS WELL AS OTHER AGENCIES OF THE LAW NOW WEAR A SPECIAL SPRING HOLSTER (SHOWN HERE) WHICH IS IDEAL FOR A "QUICK DRAW" THE PISTOL IS RELEASED BY GRASPING THE BUTT AND YANKING IT DOWN AND OUT.

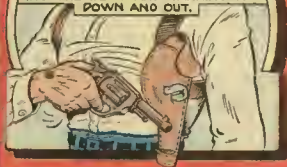


FIG "A"

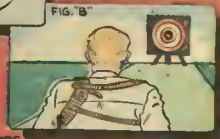
STRAP UNDER ARM-PIT



NO TELL-TALE STRAP ACROSS CHEST

THE STRAPPINGS FOR THIS SPRING HOLSTER ARE ARRANGED TO GIVE COMPLETE FREEDOM OF THE ARMS AND BODY SEE FIG "A" AND "B" FOR ARRANGEMENT OF STRAPS.

FIG "B"



NOTE

THE F.B.I. AND THE POLICE DEPARTMENTS TRAIN THEIR MEN TO DRAW AND SHOOT FROM EITHER A LEFT-OR RIGHT-HANDED HOLSTER. THUS THE LAW KEEPS A STEP AHEAD OF THE CRIMINAL AND PROVES AGAIN THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY. SEE PAGE 8, PANEL 5, OF GREGORY GAYLE STORY.

NO STORY ON HOLSTERS WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A NOTE ON THE HIP HOLSTER (THE PREDECESSOR TO THE SHOULDER HOLSTER) WHICH OUR COWBOYS AND TRAILBLAZING PIONEERS OF THE WEST FOUND SO ADAPTABLE TO THEIR NEEDS, WHEN A "QUICK DRAW" OFTEN MEANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE OR DEATH.

THE HIP HOLSTER AFFORDS THE QUICKEST DRAW.



No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

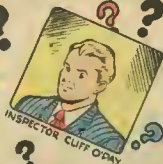


# CRIME

## "RUN-DOWN" YOU SPOT THE CRIMINAL

TOM DRAKE, A NOTED BUSINESSMAN, IS FOUND DEAD WITH A RIFLE BULLET IN HIS BACK. HARRY FIELDS, HIS FORMER PARTNER AND AVOWED ENEMY, IS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER BY JOHN GULLY, DRAKE'S VALET, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE CAUGHT HIM LEAVING THE SCENE.

INSPECTOR CLIFF O'DAY, DETERMINED, TO KNOW ALL THE FACTS, QUESTIONS BOTH HARRY FIELDS AND HIS ACCUSER, JOHN GULLY.



"I FOUND GULLY AND FIELDS ON THE MURDER SCENE, ACCUSING EACH OTHER OF THE CRIME... ROB-BERY WAS THE OBVIOUS MOTIVE."

GULLY MUST HAVE KILLED HIM TO TAKE THE \$20,000 FROM THE SAFE.

RIDICULOUS, MR. FIELDS! YOU WERE ALWAYS JEALOUS OF MR. DRAKE'S WEALTH!



GULLY TELLS HIS STORY...

THE FACTS ARE SIMPLE, INSPECTOR. I WAS IN MY ROOM WHEN I HEARD A SHOT. I RAN DOWNSTAIRS AND SAW POOR MR. DRAKE SLUMPED OVER HIS DESK. MR. FIELDS WAS RUNNING OUT THE DOOR WITH HIS HANDS FULL OF MONEY... I PICKED UP MR. DRAKE'S SMOKING RIFLE, STOPPED MR. FIELDS, AND TOOK THE MONEY.

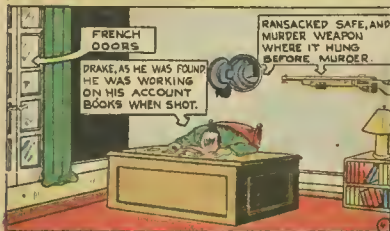


AND FIELDS TELLS HIS...

SURE, I WENT TO SEE DRAKE, TO PATCH THINGS UP, NOT TO KILL HIM. WHEN I GOT NEAR THE HOUSE, I HEARD A SHOT. DASHING THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS, I FOUND GULLY STANDING IN THE ROOM HOLDING DRAKE'S SMOKING RIFLE AND THE MONEY. GULLY IMMEDIATELY TURNED THE GUN ON ME AND CALLED THE POLICE.



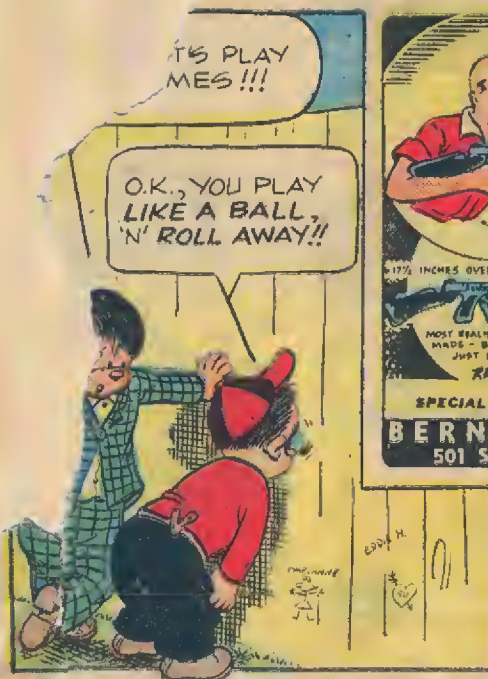
INSPECTOR O'DAY WEIGHS THE STORIES OF GULLY AND FIELDS AGAINST THE PICTURE OF THE UNTOUCHED BODY OF MR. DRAKE AS IT LIES MIDST THE TELLTALE EVIDENCE.



JOHN GULLY, THE VALET, WAS ARRESTED FOR DRAKE'S MURDER... THESE FACTS CONVINCED INSPECTOR O'DAY OF HIS GUILT. DRAKE WAS SHOT IN THE BACK WITH A GUN TAKEN FROM A BACK BEHIND HIM (SEE PANEL 4). SINCE FIELDS WAS HIS AVOWED ENEMY, ORAKE WOULD NEVER HAVE TRUSTED FIELDS TO GET BEHIND HIM TO THE OPEN SAFE AND GUN. IF FIELDS HAD SUCCEEDED, THE SCENE WOULD HAVE SHOWN SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE, WHICH IT DIDN'T. CONFRONTED WITH THESE FACTS, GULLY CONFESSED.







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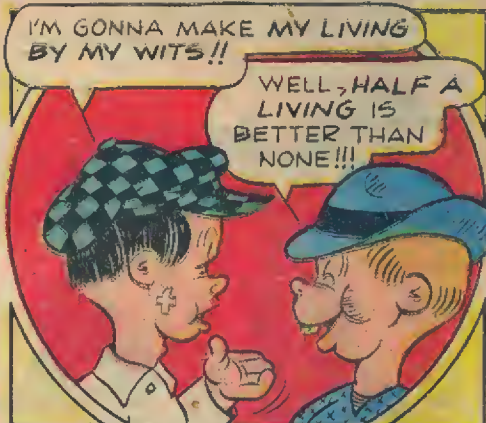
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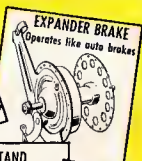
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